

EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"
"EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 245.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1836.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

PECULIAR HABITS.

"A MAN," says La Bruyere, "may have virtue, capacity, and good conduct, and yet be insupportable. The air and manner which we neglect as little things, are frequently what the world judges us by, and makes them decide for or against us." This remark of the French Addison is most just. There are many little matters of personal bearing and conduct, which must be managed discreetly if we wish to be at all agreeable to our fellow-creatures. It is in vain to say that such a man, though as dirty as a pig, is a good and able man, and ought therefore to be delighted in. His goodness and his ability are very well in their own way; but 'twere as possible to hold a firebrand in one's hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus, as to endure the personal *juxta-position* of such a man upon a mere consideration of abstract properties. For all the purposes of personal intercourse, the personal qualifications are the prime consideration. Not that it is necessary that every man should be externally elegant, or an adept in the rules which constitute good breeding. The want of positively good qualities is of less consequence than the presence of positively bad ones. The most fastidious will find no difficulty in enduring a man who is little skilled in the nice formalities of the drawing-room and the dinner-table. If such a man is unobtrusive, he will pass very well, though it is certainly desirable that all should be to a certain extent prepared to act according to those laws which the mass of refined society have found to be conducive to their happiness. But no man can expect to be much liked, who is addicted to certain habits of a conspicuous kind, the direct tendency of which is to inspire painful feelings in those around him. Such a man must be, to use La Bruyere's phrase, insupportable.

To speak in proper terms of habits, regarding which good breeding itself deems it necessary to be silent, cannot be otherwise than difficult. We therefore hope to be excused if the correction which we attempt shall excite feelings at all kindred to those which are produced by the error.

The first thing to be done is to place the fact broadly before the minds of our readers, that there is an elegant and an inelegant in every thing. There are innumerable postures and attitudes which we can regard in each other without dissatisfaction, and as many which produce impressions of the opposite kind. The least informed mind must be able to conceive a great difference between the attitude of a king sitting on his throne and that of a drunkard drooping from his chair. No one can be at a loss in perceiving that the erect and self-possessed gait of a military officer is a very different thing from the dejected and cringing walk of a beggar. We mention these examples merely to place beyond cavil the fact that attitude and posture express something in the mind. Let it not be said, then, that it is of no consequence how a man manages his body in company. It must necessarily be of the greatest consequence that he manages it discreetly, for every gesture and every posture conveys its own peculiar impression to the bystanders. In turning the back upon each other, mankind universally recognise an expression of disrespect. The opposite attitude—namely, to turn the face towards an individual—expresses the opposite sentiment. All know this, and all act upon it. But there is also a graduation of respect and disrespect in the intermediate attitudes. The least departure from the position in which we look *towards* the individual is a departure in *that degree* from the expression of respect; and any thing short of a direct turning of the back towards a neighbour, is a short-coming, according to a corresponding ratio, in the expression of contempt. The thirty-two points of the compass would

scarcely serve to denote the minute shades of respect and disrespect in the posture of the human body. How little is it to be expected, then, that one who pays no attention to his attitudes in company will please those around him! The tones of the voice express in as minute degrees the respect or disrespect of the speaker towards him whom he addresses. So do the glances of the eye. Voice, look, the whole disposal of the body, carry a sense to the minds of others; and he is the truly polite man, who, by a mere self-acting tact, can so manage all these matters, as to give as much pleasure, and as little offence, to others, as possible. But what is to be thought of him who habitually contemns both the elegant and the respectful? who seems to think all parts of his person alike entitled to notice, and likely to communicate agreeable impressions, and cares not what impression may be conveyed by either his eyes or his tongue? Some men are guilty of the misdemours we allude to, in consequence of ignorance; others through the pure spirit of rudeness. It is for the sake of the former we are now writing; and to them we would simply point out that these are matters worthy of being studied, since they operate powerfully in sweetening or embittering the cup of human life. We stand up only for what is honest and decent, not for vainly multiplied rules, many of which give the letter of the social law, without any of its spirit. No rational person would say that there was any absolute crime in sprawling over a chair with legs and arms tossed in all directions, the hands thrust into the pockets, and the face three parts averted from the company. But if such a posture be a violation of what is seemly and graceful, and produce an unpleasant sensation in those who witness it, all will allow that, even upon a principle of benevolence, it ought not to be indulged in.

There are many other matters besides posture in which offence can be given. Some people have a habit of approaching too nearly those whom they are addressing. Now, with all respect for the human face divine, it is in many instances more agreeable to look at when at a little distance than close at hand. Besides, there is a certain focus or point at which the rays concentrate, within which it is not pleasant for human beings to look into each other's eyes. Nor is it agreeable to hear very distinctly in a fellow-being the sounds produced by the operations of the mouth and throat. To some these may seem fantastic niceties; but we are convinced that the majority feel them as matters of some consequence. There are many habits hardly to be described, which we dislike in others, and which become more peculiarly irksome and disagreeable in those who are daily in our presence. These are in some persons so conspicuous, that, even should a respectful distance be observed, they will attract our attention and give us considerable uneasiness. Sometimes, it is a peculiarly audible mode of breathing, or an undue preference of the mouth for the nose in performing that function. Sometimes, it is a habit of snorting at regular intervals, and without any imaginable cause. Sometimes, it is a practice of giving a certain twist, also at fixed intervals, to the mouth or nose. At table, some people appear to consider it necessary that they should expose the business of mastication, both to the eyes and ears of their neighbours, as broadly as possible. They chew with their mouths open, making all kinds of noises in the process, and looking everywhere about whenever their attention can be spared from their plates. Or they give an emphatic smack, or draw a long breath, at each spoonful and bite, as if to mark their approbation of the viands. All such discoveries of things and acts, which nobody can bear to see or hear in their fellow-creatures, inevitably produce disgust, and detract from social en-

joyment. They are only the more intolerable that they are so trivial in themselves, for, easy as it would be to put a neighbour upon his guard against them, politeness absolutely forbids the least allusion being made to them, so that we have to go on fretting in perfect despair at that which, if it were a serious and unavoidable calamity, our firmness would enable us to endure with patience.

All these bad habits sink into innocence and insignificance, when compared with snuffing—a habit passed over much too gently by even those who disapprove of it, and which has never perhaps been characterised according to its deserts. We can describe snuffing in no other terms than as one of the greatest pests of society, and an established means by which the gross may offend and torment the refined. Though there is no avowed edict of exclusion against snuffers, there cannot be the least doubt that the sentiments which they excite in all minds of any delicacy operate silently and imperceptibly in debarring them from the front seats in the theatre of society, and consequently in forfeiting for them much honour and much pleasure which they might otherwise obtain. There are qualities, no doubt, which will overcome the effect of even excessive snuffiness; but it may be safely said that no ordinary man who is addicted to this nauseous habit will ever make great way in any career which brings him personally into frequent *juxta-position* with his fellow-creatures.

BENEVOLENCE OF JEWS.

AMONG the great standing injustices of society, the contempt openly or covertly entertained for the Hebrew race is certainly one of the least defensible. Our prejudices have, in the first place, condemned this people to every mean pursuit; and then we accuse them of meanness. We exclude them so effectually from all the honourable professions in which superior talent finds employment, that they are obliged to spend their best abilities in outdoing their fellow-countrymen in trade; and then we accuse them of ultra cleverness as tradesmen. We deprive them of every means of making an impression on society except that of wealth; and then we ask what but their wealth have they to recommend them. We withhold from them that respect, the desire of gaining which is one of the chief supports of principle in all ordinary men; and because some consequently act as if they wanted principle, we tax the whole tribe with habitual treachery in their dealings. With the political and religious questions connected with this people, we have no desire to meddle; but it is surely within our province to endeavour, by correct information, to do away with some of those merely social prejudices which ignorance alone seems to have given rise to against them.

One chief source, we suspect, of the antipathy with which we treat this part of our community, is the prevailing impression as to their being themselves, as a people, deficient in the social charities. We suppose the Jews to be exclusively sordid and selfish, and thus, in withholding from them our kindly regards, think we are doing to them no more than what they do towards others and towards themselves. Now, the truth is, that the Jews, however eager and ingenious in the pursuit of wealth, are even in a greater degree remarkable for their benevolence. Many of the ceremonies of their religion are combined essentially with deeds of charity. Gifts of five hundred pounds from individuals towards the charitable fund which exists in every congregation, are as common as subscriptions of the tenth part of the amount are among ourselves; and even a thousand pounds have been given from a single purse in aid of some of their humane institu-

tions. At the funeral of the late Mr Rothschild, the officiating priest mentioned over the grave, that he had, at various times, received from that eminent financier sums amounting in all to about twenty thousand pounds, to be bestowed in charity. And on various occasions of a general subscription in London for objects in which the public spirit and public benevolence was concerned, it is a fact too well known to be disputed, that the Jews have greatly outshone their fellow-citizens.

We could relate many anecdotes to show that the hearts of this people are quite as much in the right place as our own. Some years ago, a steam-vessel on its way between Glasgow and Dublin was detained for two days by stress of weather in Lamlash Bay. A horde of poor Irish labourers, who had taken a position on the deck, with only as much provision as was calculated to serve them during the usual twenty-four hours of the passage, began to feel the pinching calls of hunger, and, ere the vessel could leave the bay, a scene of dreadful misery had commenced. The steward, from his own stores, had given them a sack of potatoes; but this went little way in satisfying so many mouths, and yet it was all which the honest fellow could be expected to give. In the morning, after one of the foulest and coldest nights which had occurred for a long time, he mentioned the case to the gentlemen in the cabin, whom he naturally expected to take some interest in the matter, and contribute towards the relief of the sufferers. Only one person paid any respectful attention to what he said, or had the humanity to accompany him to the deck. This individual, on reaching the spot, found, as he had been told, that nearly a hundred human beings were in a state of absolute starvation, both from cold and hunger. So benumbed and torpid were they—so entirely were they deprived of all vital energy, that even upon whisky, when a little was offered to them, all except one or two turned an eye of indifference, and it was found necessary to take them down in small numbers to the engine-room, in order to restore some degree of animation, before any of them could speak. The benevolent stranger immediately returned to the cabin, and described what he had witnessed. Then, taking off his hat, he placed ten shillings in it, and went round the cabin to receive any similar trifles which his fellow-passengers might think proper to add. Will it be believed that scarcely a single piece of money was placed beside his own? Indignant at length at the coldness with which his proposal was treated, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I am a Jew, and I have given my mite. If you do not each contribute, I will give a sovereign myself, and I swear to you I will have the fact trumpeted in every newspaper in the country." This roused them, and a small sum was collected, by means of which the poor wretches upon deck were enabled to reach their destination in some degree of comfort.*

At a more recent period, a monk of the order of La Trappe was brought before an alderman in the city of London, accompanied by a Jew. The monk appeared emaciated to an extraordinary degree, and, in conformity to the rule of his order, maintained a rigid silence. He was stately by the Jew to have been seen wandering about Towerhill and its neighbourhood on the preceding evening, with all the evidences of starvation, but without uttering a syllable of complaint, or soliciting the smallest assistance. To pursue the narrative of the daily intelligence which chronicled the incident—"The monk had at length stretched himself in a private place as he could find, where he was found by the Jew, in a state of feverish sleep. The Jew—a Mr Knight—shook the stranger, and asked him if he had no lodging to go to. The monk answered by a shrug and a ghastly look that fully disclosed the condition of his purse, but not a word did he speak. Alderman Cowan requested that the Jew would mention what he had ascertained about the poor man. Mr Knight stated, that having been born in France, he soon discovered that the melancholy being he had picked up was a countryman of his, and had been brought up under the silent system. It was a strange mode of recommending a man's self to the notice of the Author of all good to slight and reject the use of the gifts and faculties which he had been pleased to dispense; but so it was with the votaries of La Trappe, by the presiding authority of which the skeleton-like stranger was sentenced to do penance by a pilgrimage through England and Ireland for some transgression of the rules of the order. Witness took the monk home, and placed before him the best that could be afforded, but the wretched man would take but little refreshment, and refused to lie down upon any other bed than the hard floor, where

* To be quite specific, the highest contribution was five shillings from the captain, and the Hebrew ultimately found it necessary to give a sovereign, in order to effect the relief of the sufferers.

he consigned himself once more to sleep, but not until he had fervently prayed for mercy, as was evident from his heavy sighs, uplifted hands, and moving but soundless lips. Next morning witness ascertained that his guest had left a change of clothes at some public-house in the neighbourhood of London Bridge, and had been two days looking for the place without finding it. Alderman Cowan said that the conduct of the persons who had relieved the poor enthusiast was truly noble. Many, he feared, who were in the habit of reviling the Jews, "passed by on the other side." Mr Knight said, "although my wants are very few, I am so poor that my children would severely feel any further encroachment upon their daily bread; and I caused the poor man to be brought here to have the assistance of the police to find his little property, that he may continue his pilgrimage, after which he is to go back to Belgium."—Mr Hobler inquired, "Did you tell him that you were a Jew?"—Mr Knight answered, "No; I was afraid that, deplorable as his condition was, he would have scorned my aid if I said a word about it. Neither do I wish that he should be informed at all of the fact, lest the knowledge of it might wound prejudices which happily no longer exist in this country."—Mailey, the policeman, was then directed by Alderman Cowan to inquire in the public-houses in the neighbourhood of London Bridge whether the monk had deposited his clothes in any of them. In the course of the day the officer returned, having succeeded in his search. Wrapped up in the threadbare garment were some portions of the works of Origen, Kempis, and other eminent writers on the Christian religion; and the features of the poor monk, for the first time, appeared to relax, and something like a gleam of satisfaction was observable for a moment upon his countenance, when the books were put into his hands. He then bowed to the alderman, meekly placed his hands upon his breast, shook his benevolent host by the hand, and once more set out upon his pilgrimage."

Many of our readers must have known the individual of whose character we are now about to give an outline. He was a jeweller for nearly half a century at Banbury in Oxfordshire, and for the last sixteen years of his life resided in London. For convenience we shall call him Isaacs. This gentleman of Nature's court—for such he truly was—came to England a poor boy, and commenced active life as a pedlar. He married early in his own humble rank, receiving nothing with his wife but a small parcel of metal shirt-buttons. Even while a poor and struggling man, he began to manifest the extreme benevolence for which he was afterwards remarkable. A relation of his wife had a daughter to marry, but, being unable to furnish the promised dowry of ten pounds, and the bridegroom being too poor to do without it, the union was like to have been put off indefinitely, when Isaacs furnished the money and made the young people happy, his own capital being then probably little more than double of what he thus generously expended. It is worthy of remark that the little sum was well bestowed in every respect, for it became the nucleus of a fortune now amounting to about half a million. After Isaacs had set up in Banbury, and was taking his place among the respectable citizens of the town, a proposal was made to have a Sunday evening lecture by subscription in the principal church, for the benefit of those who could not attend divine service during the day. When this scheme was publicly mentioned, much indifference was manifested by many, and some decided objections were presented by others. At length one of the individuals who took an interest in the scheme, said, half jocularly, "Come, let us ask Isaacs what he thinks of it." They accordingly proceeded to the shop where, from morning till night, that worthy creature attended to his little trade, and in brief terms explained their object, and asked his opinion of it. What was their surprise when he instantly headed a paper with his own subscription for two guineas! This occurrence was decisive. Objections were silenced; the indifferent were shamed into liberality; and the lecture was established.

By industry, Isaacs became possessed of sufficient property in the funds to yield him an income of about six hundred a-year. He then retired to live at leisure among his friends in London. Next to benevolence, the most remarkable feature of his character was a devotion to the spirit of frugality, accompanied by a contempt, in which he was quite sincere, for all superfluous luxuries. The servant who waited upon himself and his wife, having scarcely complete occupation, he allowed her to take in spinning or sewing on her own account, so that not a moment of her time might be wasted. On finding that she made a more profitable use of her spare hours than was originally calculated upon, he did not scruple to allow her a few more than was strictly convenient to himself, and for some time actually paid from his own pocket a young girl who was brought in to perform a share of her duty.

The whole economy of his moral nature was arranged on the principle of a co-ordinate supremacy of benevolence and frugality. These leading features sometimes came into view simultaneously, and formed circumstances of the most grotesque incongruity. A friend calling upon him one day about four o'clock, being one hour after his usual dinner-time, found him walking through his room, with an appearance of elation and cheerfulness, such as he did not commonly exhibit. On the cause being inquired into, he answered, "Why, I have not dined since yesterday at

three o'clock." "And why have you not dined?" "Oh, I was busy all morning in the city, and when I came home rather late, I found the tablecloth withdrawn, and all over: so I contented myself with my tea." The source of the old man's joy was his having tricked himself out of a dinner. Presently, the husband of one of his wife's grand-nieces, who had recently lost all he had in the world, came in, bearing that look which can never be mistaken when borne by a poor man in the presence of a rich. Isaacs called his first visitor into another room. "There's poor—" said he; "he has called just now by appointment to consult me about setting him a-going again. Of course I must give him something. Here," he added, showing a fifty-pound note, which he had evidently put into his pocket for the purpose, "do you think this will be enough from me?" The poor relative was sent away rejoicing with this munificent gift, which was amply sufficient for making him a man again. We have heard the visitor whom he consulted on this occasion express his conviction, that he had denied himself his dinner that day, simply as an appealing sacrifice to the spirit of self-denying frugality, on his indulging to so great an extent in the opposite sentiment. Nor was this the most remarkable instance of collision of the two principles. Mr Isaacs, it appears, was self-constituted a kind of guardian and benefactor to several families connected with his wife. Another grand-niece of that lady received from him a portion of five hundred pounds, being more than the surplus of one year's income. The marriage being appointed to take place in his house, he invited the intended bridegroom to spend a few days with him. The entertainment was extremely good in every respect, except that a cucumber was brought to table without vinegar or oil. On the deficiency being pointed out to the host—"Oh, never mind vinegar or oil," said he testily; "these things are all sheer superfluities. Cucumber is best by itself." And accordingly the cucumber was allowed to make its appearance for three days at dinner without being touched. The man whose generous heart enabled him to spend five hundred pounds in advancing the interests of a being who had no claim upon him of any kind, could not allow himself to disburse one penny, for the purpose of rendering a cucumber palatable!

These anecdotes, we should suppose, may safely be left to work their own effect upon minds in which bad habit has not completely extinguished all generous feeling.

A SCENE AT BRUSSELS.

"WELL, mine host, what is the last news from Brussels?" "Alas! bad indeed, sir; every thing is a state of warlike preparation: the Bourgeois (Belgians) are determined to fight, and the Dutch prince, whose head-quarters are here, moves against the devoted city to-morrow."

Such was the brief dialogue between the extremely civil host of the Boule d'Or Malines—about seventeen miles from Brussels—and an English stranger, near midnight of the 21st September 1830. The town was filled with Dutch troops; the inhabitants parading the streets, were inquiring for the last intelligence from Brussels; cannon were rolling in from Antwerp; picquets were stationed round the suburbs, and it was hourly expected that the Bourgeois, already advanced to Vilvorde, midway between Brussels and Malines, would make an attack on the latter place, or rather the Dutch troops in it. In this condition was Malines, when Charles Willoughby arrived there, anxious to press on, midnight as it was, to Brussels, for the protection of his two sisters, who had for some time been resident there. No entreaty, no bribe, not even the influence of a captain of Dutch infantry, who was billeted on the Boule d'Or, could procure for Willoughby a coach to take him to Brussels, nor even a guide to accompany him on foot. The mail had ceased to run; all communication between the two places had been for some days completely cut off, and a fear prevailed with the courriers de poste of passing through the Dutch picquets, and of encountering those of the Belgian advanced guard, in the pitchy darkness of a rainy night. To go alone, stranger as Willoughby was to the country, would have been utter folly. Fortune, however, on the morrow proved somewhat favourable.

The morning had scarcely dawned when a foot carrier of the post, who was proceeding to Vilvorde, joined Willoughby, as he was starting by way of that town for Brussels. Disturbed times level distinctions, and Willoughby was glad to place himself on a footing of equality and sociality with this chance companion.

"Methinks, my friend, that your vocation is somewhat dangerous, and less profitable than usual. Shall we be stopped, think ye?" "Good morning, sir; our thoughts would seem to be in the same position." "I must get into Brussels to-day," said Willoughby,

"for the fight comes on to-morrow; and yet, with these picquets out, I'd wager something heavy that our path will be crossed by a musket-ball, the harbinger of a little trouble and great delay." "The difficulty, sir, and I may say the danger, is in reaching Vilvorde, which is occupied by the Bruxellois. Arrived there, you will run but small chance of interruption on your way to Brussels. I myself go no farther than Vilvorde, and I wish my Dutch majesty, or his deputy postmaster of Malines, had sunk deep in the Scheldt, before he dispatched me on this errand, while soldiers are about the country, bloodshed and rapine spreading every where, and nothing like safety to be found."

Willoughby gave in to the old man's humour, and by edging in a word now and then, he stimulated his garrulity, and extracted useful opinions of the state of the lower orders, and more than one hint as to the best mode of escaping from Brussels with the sisters he was so anxiously in quest of. At Vilvorde, a glass of schnaps and a piece of coin made the old man glad, and Willoughby journeyed on to Brussels.

The great bell of St Gudule tolled in sonorous peals over the fair city of Brussels, as Willoughby entered by the Porte de Lacken. The whole population was poured out, principally upon the boulevards; barricades had been erected, entrenchments were being made, the pavement was being torn up, and stones and other missiles were being carried to the tops of the houses; the shops were shut, and the silence of determined preparation prevailed over the city, disturbed only at intervals by the heavy, solemn, but awakening peals of St Gudule, tolling like minute guns at sea.

Passing over the Place Royale, Willoughby's attention was arrested by a singular spectacle. A crowd covered the "Place," jesting and shouting in front of the Palais de Justice; the king's head had been cut from off his statue, placed upon a temporary wooden pedestal, and crowned with the *ring of a Dutch cheese!* Willoughby hastened on to the Boulevard de Waterloo, where, to his infinite pleasure, he found the house which his sisters had occupied, deserted, and learned that the fair inmates had escaped on the previous day to Ghent; under circumstances of danger, it is true, but of this they could not reasonably complain, seeing that numbers were refused even egress from the city.

To perambulate the streets, to observe their means of defence—at the hazard, however, of being compelled to work in the trenches, or of being forcibly enlisted into the Bourgeois Guards—Willoughby, ever active and restless, now devoted the remaining hours of this antecedent of the four days of bloody battle. No one was now permitted to leave the city. There was no prospect of his joining his family, and he was compelled to await the issue of the fight. He took up his quarters on the Boulevard de Waterloo, the sole occupant of his house.

The morning of the day of battle was a beautiful one. The delightful country which is circumjacent to Brussels, was illuminated by an autumnal sun, shedding radiance, beauty, and health over all the face of nature. Within the walls "busy preparation" was at work; the very hour of the expected attack was known, and not a little alarm was felt, and might perhaps have been manifested by the Bruxellois, but for the lofty and martial bearing of the Liegeois. Without, on the right, far in the distance, were assembled on the hills groups of peasants, who had come from the interior to witness, or readily learn the result of, the contest. To the left, stretching from the Porte de Flandres down to the Porte de Lacken, the Dutch forces might be seen moving slowly on to the attack. Willoughby thus reconnoitred, walking to and fro upon the boulevard opposite to the palace of the Prince of Orange. In an instant, whilst he was speculating on the probability of the city being carried in half a dozen hours, an explosion of grape shot fell around him; a second followed, and warned him to move from a spot which was the very mark of the enemy. The fight was begun; the Dutch wished to clear the boulevard right and left, whilst their foot advanced from the dells to force the gates. Willoughby had but a short distance to run: he shut himself up in his house in back room, and wrote a few pages of his journal amidst the din of roaring cannon, and the shouts of the populace, until two pieces of Bourgeois artillery began to be played off within a few yards of the house in which he had ensconced himself. The concussion produced by the cannon, with the help of stray musket-balls, soon shattered every window, and rendered the house no longer a place of safety. He got into the yard with the hope of escaping into the rear: alas! there was no possibility of his doing it; he might get refuge in the adjoining premises, but a ten foot wall was to be scaled. He tried,

but failed, while the bullets fell thick around him; he tried again, and succeeded—rushed into the house, called lustily to its inmates, but received no answer; he overran all the rooms; at last, in a small cabinet or closet at the top of the house, he discovered a slender form, pale and trembling, stretched upon a bed in an agony of fear—it was a beautiful girl, apparently about twelve years of age. Pale and panting the little creature lay, her rounded and symmetrical form shrunk up into an inconceivable small bulk. As Willoughby learned from her, as soon as he could convince her that he was not an enemy or a soldier, the poor thing had been taken into the house where she then was as a companion to the only child of the wealthy marquis who inhabited it. In their absorbing anxiety for their own safety, the family, on their escaping from Brussels on the previous day, had left the little girl behind them, helpless and alone. Her father resided at a little distance in the country, and poor Emile durst not move from her prison. Once satisfied that Willoughby had no intention to harm her, the deserted child clung to him with a trusting energy, which made him resolve that, if he escaped his present danger, she should escape with him.

Such was the terror of little Emile, that some minutes elapsed ere Willoughby could make her comprehend the danger of their situation (which, as the Dutch cannon were now playing upon the adjoining houses, was become considerable) and the necessity of removing to a place of greater safety. They then lodged themselves in a cellar which was so strongly arched over, that it would have protected them had the house been battered to pieces. Willoughby from time to time looked through the kitchen windows, witness of the bloody fray. The Bourgeois artillery had now been driven back, their foot had retreated from the boulevards to the corners of the streets, and into the houses; and the Dutch foot had now to charge, whilst parties of them, straggling, kept up a pigeon sort of fire with the Bourgeois, whose muskets were seen peering out of the windows. At the same time that this was a murderous mode of warfare, it had, even in the eyes of the combatants, a semblance to sport and amusement. The Dutch troops, after firing at their opponents, retiring close under the walls of the houses, the Bourgeois now and then putting their heads out of the windows to take aim and fire, and then again hiding themselves. One would have supposed that a game of play only was occupying the combatants, for they both displayed coolness, and shouted and jested as this ball took effect, or that man had a narrow escape.

Evening came, and with it a cessation of the battle. The Dutch troops had made lodgements in all the streets leading from the boulevard; the din of strife had softened down into the quiet of a fine autumnal night; the stars shone bright, and the moon was emerging from the horizon, and no sound was heard except the measured steps of the sentinels, when Willoughby and Emile quitted their subterranean refuge. How and where to pass the night was now to be determined on: the house contained no food, and none could have been procured, even if the state of that quarter of the city had been such as to allow of its being sought for with safety. To sleep in the house, on the other hand, was dangerous, for a system of nocturnal plunder might be expected: the house was a marked one, and it was well known to be stocked with plate.

On consulting with the now reassured Emile as to the disposition of the house and offices, Willoughby found that in the rear was a coach-house, with stabling, above which was a loft, used for the deposit of hay and lumber. Here he conveyed his companion for safety until the break of morning, when they would attempt to escape, from the Porte de Halle, one of the entrances to Brussels removed from the scene of action. He himself kept watch within the portal.

All was quiet during the night, and the pair were unmolested in their place of concealment. They had saved so meek and gentle a creature from the helplessness and terror to which she had been consigned, Willoughby felt that he could have undergone much more trouble than the revolution had yet brought upon him.

To pack up a bundle of linen and other useful articles at the dawn of day was the only operation which preceded the departure of Willoughby with his charge from the house—from the city; for, although egress from the Porte de Halle was at first refused, yet a bribe to the Bourgeois guard and the assistance of Willoughby's passport, enabled them to escape. And they sped their way, whilst the second day's battle was commencing, to the village of Etterback, skirting the forest of Soignies. Here, the only auberge was filled with women and their children escaped from Brussels, lamenting their state of wretchedness, and many of them apprehending with the most fearful manifestation of feeling the decease of their husbands who had joined in the fray. The distant sound of every cannon responded to their woes, and added to the misery which filled the little auberge. Emile and Willoughby had yet five leagues to walk, ere they could reach Louvria. Willoughby shouldered Emile's bundle, some few pounds weight, and they reached the suburbs of the town at nightfall.

Poor old Chinoix! how he clasped his daughter, the child of innocence, whose danger he had so much apprehended, for whose escape he now thanked Providence—his tears fell fast as he tendered his gratitude

to Willoughby, whose heart was more than touched at the scene before him; and Emile, the little golden-tressed Emile, held up her ruddy mouth for him to kiss, and told her father how the stranger had come, like a good angel, and taken her under his care, when she was dying from terror, helpless and alone.

THE OLD WAY OF LIVING IN SCOTLAND.

(Second Article.)

THE GENTRY.

REFERRING to the style of living among the gentry in the earlier half of the eighteenth century, an interesting paper appeared in the Edinburgh Magazine for 1817. It was the composition of a deceased gentlewoman of Renfrewshire, whom the editor described as distinguished both for goodness of heart and solidity of judgment. It proceeds as follows:—

"The year 1727 is as far back as I can remember; at that time there was little bread in Scotland, manufactory brought to no perfection either in linen or woollen; every woman made her web, and bleached it herself; it never rose higher than two shillings a-yard, and with this cloth was every one clothed. The young men, who were at this time growing more nice, got theirs from Holland for shirts, but the old ones were satisfied with necks and sleeves of the fine, which were put on loose above the country cloth. I remember in the 1730 or '31 of a ball, where it was agreed that the company should be dressed in nothing but home manufactures. My sisters were as well dressed as any, and their gowns were strip linen at 2s. 6d. a-yard; their heads and ruffles were of Paisley muslin, at 4s. 6d., with 4d. edging from Hamilton, all of them the finest that could be got. A few years after this, weavers were brought from Holland, and manufactory for linen established in the west. The dress of the ladies was more expensive than at present, though not so often renewed. At the time, I remember, hoops were worn constantly four yards and a half round, which required much silk to cover them; and gold and silver was much used for trimmings, never less than three rows round the petticoat. Their heads were all dressed with lace from Flanders, no blonds nor coarse edging used: the price of these were high, but two suit would serve for life. They were not renewed but at marriage, or some great event; who could not afford them wore fringes of thread. Their tables were as full as at present, though the meat was ill cooked, and as badly served up. They ate out of pewter, often not clean, but were nicer in table linen than now, which was renewed every day in gentlemen's families, and always napkins. The servants ate ill, having a set form by the week, of three days broth and salt meat, and three days meagre, with plenty of oat bread, and small beer. Their wages were small till the vails were abolished; the men from £3 to £9 in the year, the women from £1, 10s. to £2. At those times I mention, few of the women-servants would either sew, or iron linen, which was all smoothed in the mangle, except the ladies' head-dresses, which were done by their own maids. They in general employed as many servants as they do at present in the country, not in towns, where one manservant was thought sufficient for most families, or two at most, unless they kept a carriage, which was a thing very uncommon in those days, and only used by the nobles of great fortune. Their manners were peculiar to themselves; as some part of the old feudal system still remained, every master was revered by his family, honoured by his tenants, and awful to his domestics; his hours of eating, sleeping, and amusement, were carefully attended to by all his family, and by all his guests. Even his hours of devotion were marked, that nothing might interrupt him; he kept his own seat by the fire, or at table, with his hat on his head, and often had particular dishes served up for himself, that no one else shared of. Their children approached them with awe, and never spoke with any degree of freedom before them. The consequence of this was, that, except at meals, they were never together, though the reverence they had for their parents taught them obedience, modesty, temperance. No one helped themselves at table, nor was it the fashion to eat up what was put on their plate, so that the mistress of the family might give you a full meal or not, as she pleased, from whence came in the fashion of pressing to eat, so far as to be disagreeable.

Before the Union, and for many years after it, money was very scarce in Scotland. A country without trade, or culture, or money to carry on either, must improve by slow degrees. A great part of the rents of estates were paid in kind; this allowed gentlemen to live comfortably at home, though they could not elsewhere. As few people could afford to go to town in the winter, their acquaintance was much confined. The children of this small society were under a necessity of being companions to each other; this produced many strong friendships, and strong attachments, and frequently very improper marriages. By their society being confined, their affections were less diffused, and centered all in their own family circle. There was no enlargement of mind here; their manners were the same, and their sentiments the same. They were indulgent to the faults of each other, but most severe on those they were not accustomed to, so that censure and detraction seemed to be the vice of the age.

From this education proceeded pride of understand-

ing, bigotry in religion, and want of refinement in every useful art.

While the parents were both alive, the mother could give little attention to her girls—domestic affairs, and amusing her husband, was the business of a good wife. Those who could afford governesses for their children, had them, but all they could learn from them was to read English, and plain work: the chief thing required was to hear them repeat psalms, and long catechisms, in which they were employed an hour or more every day, and almost the whole day on Sunday. If there was no governess to perform this, it was done by the chaplain, of which there were one in every family. No attention was given to what we call accomplishments; reading or writing well, or even spelling, were never thought of; music, drawing, or French, were seldom taught the girls. They were allowed to run about, and amuse themselves in the way they chose, even to womanhood, at which time they were generally sent to Edinburgh for a winter or two, to learn to dress themselves, to dance, and to see a little of the world, which world was only to be seen at church, at marriages, burials, and baptisms. When in the country, their only employment was working in coloured work, beds, tapestry, and other pieces of furniture, imitations of fruits and flowers, with very little taste. If they read any, it was either books of devotion, or long romances, and sometimes both.

From the accounts given by old people who lived in this time, we have reason to believe there was as little care taken of the young men's education as that of women, excepting those who were intended for learned professions, who got a regular education at schools and colleges; but the generality of country gentlemen, and even noblemen, were contented with the instruction given by the chaplain to their sons.

That the manners of the times I write of may be shown in fuller light, I shall give Mr Barclay's relation of the most memorable things that passed in his father's house, from the beginning of the century to the year 14, in which his father died. 'My brother,' says he, 'was married in the year 4, at the age of twenty-one; few men were unmarried after this time of life. I myself was married by my friends at eighteen, which was thought a proper age. Sir James Stuart's marriage with President Dalrymple's second daughter brought together a number of people related to both families. At the signing of the eldest Miss Dalrymple's contract the year before, there was an entire hogshead of wine drunk that night, and the number of people at Sir James Stuart's was little less. The marriage was in the president's house, with as many of the relations as it would hold. The bride's favours were all sewed on her gown, from top to bottom, and round the neck and sleeves. The moment the ceremony was performed, the whole company ran to her, and pulled off the favours; in an instant she was strip of them all. The next ceremony was the garter, which the bridegroom's man attempted to pull from her leg, but she dropped it on the floor; it was a white and silver ribbon, which was cut in small morsels to every one in company. The bride's mother then came in with a basket of favours belonging to the bridegroom; those and the bride's were the same with the bearings of their families; her's pink and white, his blue and gold colour.'

The company dined and supped together, and had a ball in the evening; the same next day at Sir James Stuart's. On Sunday there went from the president's house to church three-and-twenty couples, all in high dress; Mr Barclay, then a boy, led the youngest Miss Dalrymple, who was the last of them. They filled the galleries of the church from the king's seat to the wing loft. The feasting continued till they had gone through all the friends of the family, with a ball every night.

As the baptisms formed another public occasion, he goes on to describe it thus:

'On the fourth week after the lady's delivery, she was set on her bed, on a low footstool, the bed covered with some neat piece of sewed work, or white satin, with three pillows at her back, covered with the same, she in full dress, with a lappin head-dress, and a fan in her hand. Having informed her acquaintance what day she is to see company, they all come and pay their respects to her, standing or walking a little through the room, for there are no chairs; they drink a glass of wine, and eat a piece of cake, and then give place to others. Towards the end of the week all the friends were asked to what was called the Cummerfalls; this was a supper where every gentleman brought a pint of wine to be drunk by him and his wife. The supper was, a ham at the head, and a pyramid of fowls at the bottom, hens and ducks below, and partridges at top; there was an eating posset in the middle of the table, with dried fruits and sweetmeats at the sides. When they had finished their supper, the meat was removed, and in an instant every one flew to the sweetmeats to pocket them, on which a scramble ensued, chairs overturned, and every thing on the table, wrestling and pulling at one another with the utmost noise and violence. When all was quiet, they went to the stoups (for there were no bottles for wine), of which the women had a good share; for though it was a disgrace to be seen drunk, yet it was none to be a little intoxicated in good company. A few days after this, the same company were asked to the christening, which was always in the church, all in high dress, a number of them young ladies, who were called maiden Cummers; one of them presented the child to the

father. After the ceremony, they dined and supped together, and the night often concluded by a ball.'

The burials are the only solemnities now to be taken notice of. They were generally always on foot, and the magistrates and town-council were always invited to that of every person of any consideration. 'Fifteen hundred burial-letters were wrote,' says Mr Barclay, 'at my father's death; the General Assembly was sitting at the time, and all the clergy were asked; and so great was the crowd, that the magistrates were at the grave in the Grey Friars' churchyard, before the corpse was taken out of the house in the foot of the Advocates' Close. A few years before this, it had ceased to be the fashion for ladies to walk behind the corpse, in full dress, with coloured clothes; but formerly the chestering was at the same time, and all the female relations asked, which made part of the procession.'

At this time acts of devotion employed much of the time. The same gentleman gives the following account of a Sunday fast in his father's house. Prayers by the chaplain at nine o'clock—all went regularly to church at ten, the women in high dress; he himself was employed to give the collection for the family, which consisted of a crown—half after twelve they came home—at one, had prayers again by the chaplain, after which they had a bit of cold meat or eggs, and returned to church at two. At four every one retired to their private devotions, except the children and servants, who were convened by the chaplain, and examined; this continued till five, when supper was served up, or rather dinner; a few male friends generally partook of this meal, and sat till eight, after which, psalm-singing, reading, and prayers, were performed by the old gentleman himself, after which they all retired.

Whether the genius of a people forms their religious sentiments, or if religion forms, in some measure, the manners of a people, I shall leave the wise to decide. I shall only observe, that while that reverence remained in the minds of men for masters, fathers, and heads of clans, it was then that the dread of Deity was most powerful; this will appear from the superstitious writings of the times. The fear of hell, and deceitful power of the devil, was at the bottom of all their religious sentiments. The established belief in witchcraft, for which many suffered, prevailed much at this time; ghosts, too, and apparitions of various kinds were believed to prevail; few old houses were without a ghost-chamber, that few had courage to sleep in; omens and dreams were much regarded even by people of the best education. These were the manners of the last century [the 17th], and remained in part for many years in this.

In well-regulated families there was then a degree of attention paid the old, yea, even servility, that this age knows nothing of, and whoever was wanting in it, was unfit for company. Nobody in those times thought of pleasing themselves; the established rule was to please your company: endeavour to make them think well of themselves, and they will think well of you for doing so. Society was not yet so much enlarged as to weaken the affections of near relations. This may easily be ascertained by every one now alive that is past fifty; not only brothers and sisters, but brothers and sisters-in-law, mothers-in-law, and even more distant connections, would leave their own families for ten or twelve days, and attend with the utmost care a friend in a fever, or dangerous disorder; these were the nurse-keepers for the first thirty years of this century, who by every method endeavoured to lessen their distress, nor left them night or day till they were recovered or buried.

The intercourse between relations and friends was kept up in another way, which was by small presents, mostly consisting of meat and drink; any thing rare or good of its kind was in part sent to a friend; whatever rank in life they were in, these presents were received with thanks, and returned in kind, on proper occasions; neither were strangers nor people of high rank sought after in their entertainments; it was their relations, the friends they loved, that shared their delicacies.

It was about this time [namely, in the early youth of the writer], that tea-tables were established. It was the fashion for the men to meet regularly in the changehouse, as it was then called, for their different clubs, where they spent the evening in conversation, without much expense; a shilling reckoning was very high, and for people of the first fashion, it was more general from fourpence to eightpence, paying besides for their tobacco and pipes, which was much in use in some of these clubs. They played at backgammon or catch honours for a penny the game. All business was transacted in the forenoon, and in the changehouses; the lawyers were there consulted, and the bill paid by the employer. The wine was sherry in matchkin-stoups—every new one was chalked on the head of the stoup—it was incredible the quantity that was drunk on these occasions. Every body dined at home in private, unless called to some of the entertainments mentioned above; but the tea-table very soon introduced supping in private houses, where young people found themselves happy with one another. They were loath to part, so that supping came to be the universal fashion in Edinburgh; and lest the families they visited might be unprepared, they sent in the morning to know if they were to drink tea at home, as they wished to wait on them; amongst friends this was always considered as a supper, and any of their male acquaintances asked that they could command, to

make up the party. The acquaintances made up at public places did not visit in this way; they hired a chair for the afternoon, and run through a number of houses, as is the fashion still. These manners continued till 1760, when more of the English fashions took place; one of which was to dine at three, and what company you had should be at dinner. These dinners lasted long. The women sat for half an hour after them, and retired to tea, but gentlemen took their bottle, and generally sat till eight. The women are all the evening by themselves, which puts a stop to that intercourse so necessary for the improvement of both sexes.'

AUTOMATONS.

An automaton is a piece of mechanism made to resemble a living creature in outward appearance, and contrived so as to perform certain actions resembling those of the being it represents. Both in ancient and modern times, the skill of ingenious men has been directed to contrivances of this nature, some of which have displayed wonderful powers of invention, though in general of little or no utility, unless so far as they were sources of public amusement, and examples of what may be accomplished by reflection and long perseverance. One of the most remarkable automatons ever contrived and executed, was the famous chess-player, which challenged and beat some of the best players of that game in every capital city of Europe. Of this most ingenious piece of mechanism many of our readers must have heard, though the explanation of the wonder may not be so familiar to them.

The automaton chess-player was constructed by M. Kempelin, a Hungarian gentleman of education and genius, residing at Presburg, in which city it was first exhibited. It was afterwards brought by the inventor to Vienna and Paris, and in 1783-4, it was exhibited in London and other parts of Britain, where it was visited and examined by many hundred thousand persons. It was subsequently carried over all Europe, and after M. Kempelin's death, was brought a second time to Britain in 1819, to be shown in public anew. During all this time, nearly half a century, the secret of the automaton's movements was never discovered, though such was the interest excited by it among the learned and the ingenious, that several books were published on the subject. What the true mechanism in all probability is, we shall by-and-bye see, and in the mean time we shall describe the machine itself.

Behind a large chest, three feet and a half long, two feet deep, and two and a half high, sits a figure in a Turkish dress, and of the natural size. The machine, including a chair on which the figure sits, runs on casters, and is wheeled about always before the exhibition, to prevent any supposition of its being placed on a trap-door; which, however, is a supposition not likely, after inspection of the whole, to be adopted. The right arm of the Turk rests on the top of the chest, and in the left he holds a pipe, which is removed during the game, the moves being made with this hand. The chess-board is placed before the figure, with the usual pieces upon it.

Let the reader pay particular attention to the following passage, slightly altered from the account in Sir David Brewster's work on Natural Magic, as on the description of the figure the comprehension of the secret of the machine depends. The exhibitor announces to the spectator his intention of showing them the mechanism of his automaton. For this purpose he unlocks a door in the side opposite to that figure, and exposes to view a small cupboard lined with black or dark-coloured cloth, and containing cylinders, levers, wheels, pinions, and different pieces of machinery, which have the appearance of occupying the whole space. He next opens a door at the back of the same cupboard, and placing a candle at the opening, displays further the machinery in it. Thus the spectator becomes convinced that nearly one-third of the whole chest is filled with machinery. The door in the back is then locked, and the exhibitor opens a drawer occupying the whole length of the machine, in its under part, in front. He then leisurely takes from this, chessmen and a cushion for the automaton's arm, as if this were the sole object of the drawer. The doors of a large cupboard, to which the former bears the proportion nearly of a half, are then opened both in back and front, and the spectator sees clearly through it all, very little machinery being in it. The back doors of this cupboard are then shut, and the chest is wheeled round, for the purpose of opening two doors in the figure, which show the greater part of the interior of the figure. The machine is wheeled back to the spot to be occupied during the game, and all the doors are closed and locked, including the drawer, which has remained out. The exhibitor next, after appearing to adjust some mechanism at the back, removes the pipe from the hand of the figure, and spends some time in winding up the machinery.

Without plates, the preceding description cannot be so perfectly understood as it would be with them; yet we hope it may be intelligible enough to show that, by degrees only, the whole, or what the spectator conceives to be the whole, of the machine is seen. After the interior is thus exhibited, and the onlooker satisfied that no living being can be within, unless he can hide himself in a nutshell, the exhibitor announces that the figure is ready to try conclusions, with any one who chooses, at the game of chess. The

Turk takes the first move, when any person is found to oppose him, and at every motion the wheels are heard to move in the interior. When a false move is made by the adversary, the figure shakes its head, replaces the piece, and takes advantage of the slip by assuming the next move. By certain motions of the head, it supplies the place of the few words necessary in the game, and at the end of every ten or twelve moves, the exhibitor winds it up like a clock. The exhibitor also stands close by the figure, apparently to scrutinise the game, which generally, but not always, ends in the automaton's favour.

To the spectator, who few minutes before saw nothing but wheels and wood before him, this assumption of reasoning and calculating powers seemed little less than miraculous. The language of the inventor, however, regarding his machine was exceedingly modest, though it kept up the delusion. He never insinuated or pretended that the automaton played the game. On the contrary, he distinctly stated, that the machine was bagatelle, which was not without merit in point of mechanism, but that the effects of it appeared so marvellous only from the boldness of the conception, and the fortunate choice of the methods adopted for promoting the illusion. This language of M. Kempelin was sufficient to convince every one that the automaton was moved by some person either from within or without. Several ingenious men laboured to explain the manner in which this was effected, upon the hypothesis of a person concealed inside. A book was issued at Dresden, in which it was asserted, that a tall, thin boy, well taught, might be concealed in a drawer almost immediately below the chess-board, in such manner as to have it in his power to set the whole in motion.

The fact that none of the explanations were at all satisfactory, is fully shown by the interest which the machine exhibited in 1819, after learned discussions of forty years' standing. But there can be little doubt, that, during this visit to Britain, the secret was discovered. An anonymous writer, in a pamphlet issued at that time, and termed modestly, "An attempt to analyse the automaton chess-player of M. Kempelin," has shown clearly that the machine is capable of containing an ordinary sized man, and has explained the positions he occupies, and the manner and time in which he assumes them. Let the reader recollect that there are two cupboards, a small one with one door, and a large one with folding doors, and a drawer which occupies the whole length in front, in the bottom. This is the way the front is occupied. The back, or side next the figure, has also two doors into the cupboards, but nothing to mark the existence of a front drawer. There are no doors at the ends of the machine, though one of these, being a sliding panel, through it the concealed player is introduced.

The deception is managed in the following way:—The drawer extends a very short way into the machine, and leaves behind it an unoccupied space never seen by the spectator, and concealed by him to be filled by the drawer. This space is three feet eleven inches long, fourteen inches broad, and eight inches high. In this are the legs and thighs of the player, at the moment when the exhibition of the interior commences by the opening of the small cupboard before and behind. His body at this moment is in the large cupboard, his whole person being seated on the haunches, the feet extended behind the drawer, and the shoulders bent slightly forwards. The exhibition of the small cupboard is now going on, and a candle being held to it, the glimmering light convinces the spectator that it is filled with machinery, and that no more opaque body exists in it. It is not filled, however; a space of considerable size exists in it. Before proceeding with the exhibition, the back door is locked, and a screen at the same time, unnoticed by the removal of the light, slips down behind the front machinery. The exhibitor then leads the attention of the spectators to the drawer, that the player may effect the requisite change in position before the opening of the great cupboard. This he does by moving a false back between the large cupboard and the unoccupied part of the smaller one, into which he raises and draws back his person, or trunk, while his legs retain their first position. He also replaces the false back, and the exhibitor, knowing his time, then opens with safety the large cupboard, the trunk of the Turk, and, in short, all the machine.

After the machine has been wheeled into its position, and all the doors closed, the exhibitor puts off some time in manoeuvring about the chest, and in winding up the machinery, the player within is withdrawing his trunk from the small cupboard, and, by means of the false backs, turns round in the great cupboard, which is nearly empty, and inserting himself partially into the body of the Turk. Here his head is raised above the chess-board, and through the full light drapery of the figure he will see as clearly as through a veil, and he can easily take up or put down a chess-man without any other mechanism than that of a string communicating with the finger of the figure.

Many other little ingenious devices are adopted to keep up the deception, but it is only our purpose to give the outline of the main movements. There can be little doubt that this is the true secret of the automaton chess-player, the true wonder of which lies in the ingenuity with which the spectator is led to believe, that he has seen in rapid succession every conceivable corner of the chest, while in reality some

parts are never seen, and others only imperfectly. One of the devices, alluded to above, is seen in the pipe, which, superfluous as it may seem, has in reality a distinct purpose. The player within, in introducing his arm into that of the figure, requires the latter to be bent back a little. The position in which the pipe is held permits this, and explains naturally an attitude that would otherwise appear forced and constrained. The pipe on this account is the last thing moved. By such perfect attentions to minutiae was the deception so long sustained, in defiance of the scrutiny of the best mechanicians in Europe.

Perfect as the chess-player is as a piece of mechanism, it may by many people be considered as inferior to the celebrated duck of Vaucanson. This ingenious person, who flourished in France during Louis XV.'s reign, constructed a duck, exactly of the natural size, and scarcely distinguishable from the living animal. It quacked as perfectly as if it had been hatched in a nest; it muddled the water which it lifted with its bill; it ate and drank, and performed all the gestures and movements peculiar to the living animal with wonderful accuracy. When grains of corn were cast before it, it stretched its neck to pick them up, swallowed them, and, what was still more marvellous, digested them by an artificial chemical process in its stomach, and finally discharged them from its bowels in a digested condition. What constituted an additional beauty of this piece of mechanism, was its internal anatomical structure, which in every bone, every cavity, every canal, resembled the real duck. The king and courtiers of France were so much delighted with it, that it was subsequently exhibited on the faith of that success over all Europe, and, as might be expected, the interest which it excited every where was most flattering to its constructor.

The same mechanist exhibited his astonishing powers in the construction of an automaton flute-player, which executed several very difficult pieces of music with great beauty and precision. Considering the influence which is exerted by the mobile character of the human lips and throat in modifying the tones of instrumental music, such a machine as a flute-player could not, it is evident, be constructed without great labour and ingenuity. The operations of this automaton were directed by clock-work, which acted on not less than nine pair of bellows. The air emitted from these by the contracting force of the clock-work, passed from the lips of the figure into the holes of a flute, held, as usual, in the hands. Seven levers directed the motions of the fingers, and regulated the ingress of the air into the flute. Various contrivances, of a delicate kind, modified and counteracted the hissing, &c. which such a machine was liable to. In short, every motion which a flute-player of flesh and blood goes through in the exercise of his art, found a parallel in this machine of M. Vaucanson, and the effect of the whole was surprising in the highest degree, and most honourable to the ingenuity of the mechanist. Without exaggeration we may say, that the automaton flute-player places its constructor among the first mechanicians who have ever appeared.

JUMPING-UP-BEHIND-ISM.

THERE could not, we think, be given so appropriate a name to certain mean practices as that of jumping-up-behind-ism. When we see a ragged urchin trying to carry himself on his way by jumping up behind a chariot—amidst spikes and all—we consider him a happy type of a class of persons who endeavour to advance their interests by any shabby species of dependence on the means of advancement of others. It is astonishing what a deal of jumping-up-behind-ism there is one way and another. It is strikingly observable in the case of those who attempt to set a-going newspapers with titles which are already celebrated, but to which the word *New*—in order to create a trifling difference—is appended. A pains-taking author is happy in producing a popular work: every one reads it, and when at the height of its fame, out there comes an imitation with a name so slightly altered from that of the original, that the world is half inclined to suppose there must be some connection betwixt the two; of course, the design is, that the imitation shall be confounded with its predecessor. Another author writes a book which gains a large circulation, but the jumper-up in this instance, not finding it convenient to imitate, adopts the alternative of attacking. In his announcements, he prints the name of the individual he assails in the largest possible size, in order to attract attention, while he modestly sets down his own in that which would almost require a magnifying glass to decipher. We have known many amusing instances of this anxious endeavour to "parake the favouring gale."

Jumping-up-behind-ism, on a meaner scale, is often observable in the matter of sign-boards and their blazonry. A clever tradesman is fortunate in establishing a concern under a taking title—when, lo, up starts a rival across the way with the same appellation, and the inventor of the original establishment has the disagreeable and expensive duty to perform of in-

cessantly advertising that his concern is the true one.

We confess we are not friendly to the mean practices which we have mentioned, however common they may be. We like to see rivalry in trade, commerce, literature, and other departments of human labour, but it must be a fair, not an unfair, rivalry. We like to see every man retaining the copyright, as it may be called, of his name, or the name and style of his productions, whether it be as the author of a book, or as the blazon of a sign-board.

THE PRINCESS SUMROO.

PREVIOUS to the permanent and almost universal extension of the British power over the wide and numerous provinces of India, the government of that country was in the most confused condition that can be conceived. The authority of the lineal emperors, the great Mogul race, had long been confined to a limited portion of the peninsula, and even there their sceptre had become a mere mockery, and themselves playthings in the hands of ambitious ministers and successful generals. The princes, or rajahs, who had the rule of the provinces unconnected with the throne of the Moguls, had in like manner become the prey of able and unprincipled servants and warriors, who either deposed their masters altogether, or permitted them to retain merely a nominal throne at pleasure. The celebrated Hyder Ali, and his son Tippoo, are examples of this nature, the former having risen from an obscure and mean station, by deposition and usurpation, to an extensive and powerful sovereignty. In the life of the individual whom we are now about to present to our readers, a remarkable instance of the same kind will be observed.

The Begum Sumroo, or, to translate the word *Begum*, the *Mahomedan Princess* Sumroo, chanced, above sixty years ago, to exhibit her powers, in the humble character of a dancing girl, before a French gentleman of good fortune, who had settled, a number of years before, in the province of Delhi, in Northern India. The Hindoo girl had a peculiarly handsome form, and her features were equally pleasing and beautiful. The Frenchman was highly captivated with the appearance and agile movements of the future princess. He bought her from her master for a high price, and speedily found, on further acquaintance with his purchase, that her mind was acute, active, and inquiring, and her capacity for instruction great. In the course of a short time she ingratiated herself so much into her master's favour, that he married her, and from her husband's name of Sombre, the corrupted term Sumroo was bestowed upon her, which she bore throughout her whole life.

After being married for a short time to this French gentleman, her husband died, and Sumroo did not long remain in her weeds after his decease. Within a very short time she was married to a second husband, of a disposition much more congenial to her own than the first. This person was named Le Vassu, a European who held a very strange position in the upper provinces, and one which can only be accounted for by the confused condition of the country which we have described. Le Vassu was an adventurer, a sort of land pirate, who had risen, by his activity and talent for plundering, to the situation of an independent leader, or rather prince. He had a very considerable army under his command, and with this he maintained himself in the unchecked possession and government of an extensive territory. In the roving expeditions which Le Vassu habitually and unceasingly carried on, Sumroo always accompanied him, and here she initiated herself into all the hardships of a military and predatory life, and accustomed herself to mingle with and command rude soldiers.

For a good many years Le Vassu, and Sumroo his constant counsellor and companion, continued to maintain their power and to prosecute their schemes. They appeared to be entirely devoted to each other, and on the husband's side this affection was unquestionably ardent and sincere. But the time was at hand when Sumroo's true character was about to develop itself, and to show to the world that she possessed ambition, fortitude, and duplicity, to a degree that woman has seldom exhibited. To share her husband's wealth and power became too little for her aspiring mind; she longed to possess undivided rule and greatness; and in order to compass the object at which her wishes aimed, she conceived and executed a plot which has scarcely a parallel in the annals of history.

A slight disposition to mutiny, excited in all probability by Sumroo herself, or the Begum, as she was now called, manifested itself among that portion of Le Vassu's army, appropriated as a body-guard to himself and his wife. The latter, then only twenty-five years of age, artfully exaggerated the danger to her husband, whose unsuspecting confidence she entirely possessed, and contrived, through her private agents, to get intelligence conveyed to him, that the rebels had formed a plan to seize and imprison him. She then advised instant flight, in which she would gladly accompany him. The two then, acting apparently in concert together, packed up all their jewels, their treasure, and every valuable which they possessed. Loaded with these, they started by night from their palace, with only a few devoted guards and attendants. The whole of the following scene was projected by the ambitious lady, and fell out as she had anticipated. Towards morning the

attendants in great alarm announced that they were pursued; and our heroine, in well-feigned despair, vowed, that, if their escort was overcome, and the palanquins stopped, she would stab herself to the heart. The artful Begum had not overrated the devoted attachment of her husband. As she anticipated, Le Vassu, on hearing her resolution, declared that he would never survive her, and that the moment he knew of her death should be his last, for he would instantly follow her example and blow out his brains. Soon after, the pretended rebels came up, and after a short skirmish drove back the attendants. This was the moment for the Begum's purpose. She desired the attendants around her palanquin, which was at a short distance from the spot where Le Vassu was placed, to begin the part she had taught them. Some of them burst into loud lamentations, and others ran around the vehicle where their mistress was, wringing their hands, and acting all the signs of excessive grief. Le Vassu heard the screams, and his wife's female slave on the instant rushed up to him with a bloody shawl in her hand, exclaiming, "The Begum is dead! The Begum has killed herself!" True to his vow, the unfortunate husband no sooner heard the words, than he pulled out a pistol, and shot himself dead on the spot. When the wily lady heard the welcome report, she started from her palanquin, mounted her horse, galloped up to the troops, and demanded their allegiance. In her harangue she did not affect to conceal her instrumentality in her husband's death, but avowed it, exhibiting to them the treasures, which her late husband would have carried away, and would have defrauded, she said, his brave soldiers of their share of, had she not been more faithful to them. By this artful view of the subject, and her promise of immediate payment of all arrears, the soldiers yielded at once to her authority. At their head she marched back to her palace, and the great beauty of her form and face confirmed her subjects in their allegiance.

The Begum, having thus unscrupulously waded to undivided power through her husband's blood, showed the clear-sightedness of her understanding by the steps she took to seat herself firmly in her acquisition. Seeing distinctly that a state of small size like hers could not exist long in troublesome times without some powerful ally, she prudently threw herself under the protection of the East India Company, who confirmed her in her possession, on the condition that at her death it should revert to the British. She then set herself assiduously to the care of government; and if we may judge from the description of the British officers who visited her territory at various subsequent periods, her reign must have been marked by no ordinary prudence.

Of the widowed Begum's warlike career, Colonel Skinner states, that he has often, during his service with the Mahrattas, seen her, then a beautiful young woman, leading on her troops in person in the field. On all occasions she displayed the most undaunted courage and striking presence of mind. Her troops were not numerous enough to render her a very powerful ally, but she contrived always to benefit and enrich herself. In this manner she served the British faithfully during the various Indian wars, and even when the great old she retained her love of fighting. At the siege of Bhurtpore, the martial dame, then a veteran, was most anxious to share the glory (and prize-money, says Captain Mundy), and harassed the commander-in-chief to permit her to support him with her retainers, but the chief, to her great chagrin, always declined her offer.

The considerable town of Sirdhana was the capital of the Begum's territory, but her chief residence was at Meerut, where there is a British military station. The title which she assumed was that of "Princess of Jaghire." Meerut is described as a place with a fine climate, the houses well built, and the country abounding in provisions and fruits. There are a considerable number of British, besides the military, and to their society the Begum was always very partial. Being a Catholic, she built churches, and had always a confessor in her household. These, however, she was apt to change, when they ventured too far in their censure. The following anecdote, related on the authority of several travellers, will show to the reader how justly liable to censure the Begum's actions occasionally were. A slave girl having been guilty of some offence, the Begum, in a fit of passion, condemned her to be buried alive. To preclude all chance of rescue, the princess at the same time ordered her carpet to be spread over the poor girl's grave, and on this spot she sat and smoked, till all assistance was rendered vain.

When Lord Combermere visited the northern provinces of India, the old Begum (at that time above seventy years of age) entertained the commander-in-chief and his suite at dinner. Of this Captain Mundy gives the following account. "Her Meerut residence," says he, "is at a short distance from the entourments. As we entered her gates, his excellency was received with presented arms by a heterogeneous body-guard, drawn up along the approach, and on the steps of the portico by the old lady herself. In person she is rather corpulent; her complexion is unusually fair, and her features prominent. Her costume consisted of a very short full petticoat, displaying a good deal of her kameez-trouser, from under which peeped a very tiny pair of embroidered slippers. Of her hands, arms, and feet, the octogenarian beauty is still justly proud. She wore on her head a plain snug turban of cashmere, over which

a shawl was thrown, enveloping her cheeks, throat, and shoulders; and from the midst of its folds her little grey eyes peered forth with a lynx-like acuteness. During the repast, which was served in the European style, the old lady smoked a very splendid hookah, a similar one being offered to his excellency. The party consisted of about sixty persons, and the Begum, who considers herself now on an equality with the lords of the creation, was the only lady at table. Indeed, if the absence of all the softer qualities, and the possession of the most fiery courage, stubbornness of purpose, and almost unexampled cruelty, can give her a claim to be numbered among the hardier sex, her right to virility will scarcely be disputed. The history of her life forms a series of scenes such as, perhaps, no other female could have gone through."

This remarkable woman's death occurred no farther back than the month of April 1836. Her exact age is not known, but it is believed that she had considerably overpast her eightieth year. Her possessions fall into the Company's dominions, and will be no inconsiderable acquisition, as the princess's income was latterly above one hundred thousand pounds annually.

MY FIRST FOLLY.

I NEVER fell seriously in love till I was seventeen. Long before that period I had learned to talk nonsense, and had established the important points that a delicate figure is equivalent to a thousand pounds, a pretty mouth better than the bank of England, and a pair of bright eyes worth all Mexico. But at seventeen a more intricate branch of study awaited me.

I was lounging away my June at a pretty village in Kent, with little occupation beyond my own meditations, and no company but my horse and dogs. My sisters were both in the south of France; and my uncle, at whose seat I had pitched my camp, was attending to the interests of his constituents and the wishes of his patron in Parliament. I began after the lapse of a week to be immensely bored; I felt a considerable dislike to an agricultural life, and an incipient inclination for landauism. I took to playing backgammon with the rector. He was more than a match for me, and used to grow most amusingly hot when the dice, as was their duty, befriended the weaker side. At last, at the conclusion of a very long hit, which had kept Mrs Penn's ten waiting full an hour, my worthy and wiggled friend flung deuce-ace three times in succession, put the board in the fire, over-turned Mrs Penn's best china, and hurried to his study.

Then I took up reading. My uncle had a delightful library, where a reasonable man might have lived and died. But I confess I never could endure a long hour of lonely reading. It is a very pretty thing to take down a volume of Tasso or Racine, and study accent and cadence for the benefit of half a dozen *festening belles*, all dividing their attention between the work and the work-basket, their feelings and their bounces, their tears and their trimmings, with becoming and laudable perseverance. But to sit down to a novel or a philosopher, with no companion to participate in the enjoyment and no object to reward the toil, this indeed—oh! I never could endure a long hour of lonely reading; and so I deserted Sir Roger's library, and left his books to the slumbers from which I had unthinkingly awakened them.

At last I was roused from a state of Turkish torpor by a note from an old lady, whose hall, for so an indifferent country-house was by courtesy denominated, stood at the distance of a few miles. She was about to give a ball. Such a thing had not been seen for ten years within ten miles of us. From the sensation produced by the intimation you might have deemed the world at an end. Everything was everywhere in a flurry; kitchen, and parlour, and boudoir, and garret. Needles and pins were flying right and left; dinner was ill dressed that dancers might be well dressed; mutton was marred that misses might be married. There was not a schoolboy who did not cut Homer and epers; nor boarding-school beauty who did not try on a score of dancing shoes, and talk for a fortnight of Angiolini. Every occupation was laid down; every carpet was taken up; every combination of hands-a-cross and down-the-middle was committed most laudably to memory; and nothing was talked, nothing was meditated, nothing was dreamed, but love and romance, fiddles and flirtation, warm negus, partners, dyed feathers, and chalked floors.

"For one evening," said I to myself, "I will encounter the tedium and taste of a village ball." I went—turned my uncle's one-horse chaise into the long old avenue about an hour after the time specified, and perceived by the lights flashing from all the windows, and the crash of chairs and carriages returning from the door, that the room was most punctually full, and the performers most pastorally impatient. The first face I encountered on my entrance was that of my old friend Villars; I was delighted to meet him, and expressed my astonishment at finding him in a situation for which his inclination, one would have supposed, was so little adapted.

"Come! I am of little service to-night," cried Villars (he had had a fall from his horse), "but my popularity may be of use to you: you don't know a soul! I thought so—read it in your face the moment you came in—never saw such a—there, Vyvyan, look there! I will introduce you." And so saying, my companion half limped, half danced, with me up to Miss Amelia Meenil, and presented me in due form.

When I look back to any particular scene of my existence, I can never keep the stage clear of secondary characters. I never think of Mr Kean's Othello without an intrusive reflection upon the subject of Mr So-and-so's Cassio. And thus, beautiful Margaret, it is in vain that I endeavour to separate your fascination from the group which was collected around you. Perhaps that dominion, which at this moment I feel almost revived, recurs more vividly to my imagination, when the forms and figures of all by whom it was contested are associated in its renewal.

I got tired, and cried, "I am bored, my dear Villars, positively bored! the light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I shook hands with my friend, bowed to three or four people, and was moving off. As I passed to the door I met two ladies in conversation; "Don't you dance any more, Margaret?" said one. "Oh no," replied the other, "I am bored, my dear Louis—positively bored: the light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I never was distanced in a jest. I put on the look of a ten years' acquaintance and commenced parley. "Surely you are not going away yet; you have not danced with me, Margaret; it is impossible you can be so cruel?" The lady behaved with wonderful intrepidity. "She would allow me the honour, but I was very late; really I had not deserved it;" and so we stood up together.

"Are you not very impudent?" "Very," said I, with my usual effrontry.

Margaret danced like an angel; I knew she would. I could not conceive by what blindness I had passed four hours without being struck. We talked of all things that are, and a few beside. She was something of a botanist, so we began with flowers; a digression upon China roses carried us to China, the Mandarins with little brains, and the ladies with little feet, the Emperor, the Orphan of China, Voltaire, Zayre, criticism, Dr Johnson, the great bear, the system of Copernicus, stars, ribbons, garters, the Order of the Bath, sea-bathing, Dawlish, Sidmouth, Lord Sidmouth, Cicero, Rome, Italy, Alfieri, Metastasio, fountains, groves, gardens, and so, as the dancing concluded, we contrived to end as we began, with Margaret Orange and botany.

Margaret talked well on all subjects and witily on many. I had expected to find nothing but a romping girl, somewhat amusing, and very vain. But I was out of my latitude in the first five minutes, and out of my senses in the next. She left the room very early, and I drove home, more astonished than I had been for many years.

Several weeks passed away, and I was about to leave England to join my sisters on the Continent. I determined to look once more on that enslaving smile, whose recollection had haunted me more than once. I had ascertained that she resided with an old lady who took two pupils, and taught French, and Italian, and music, and manners, at an establishment called Vine House. Two days before I left the country, I had been till a late hour shooting at a mark with a duelling pistol, an entertainment of which, perhaps from a lurking presentiment, I was very fond. I was returning alone when I perceived, by the light of an enormous lamp, a board by the way-side bearing the welcome inscription, "Vine House." "Enough," I exclaimed, "enough! one more scene before the curtain drops—Romeo and Juliet by lamplight!" I roamed about the dwelling-place of all I held dear, till I saw a figure at one of the windows in the back of the house, which it was quite impossible to doubt. I leaned against a tree in a sentimental position, and began to chant some rhymes.

"Are these your own verses?" said my idol at the window. "They are yours, Margaret! I was only the versifier; you were the muse herself."

"The muse herself is obliged to you. And now what is your errand? for it grows late, and you must be sensible—no, that you never will be—but you must be aware, that this is very indecorous." "I am come to see you, dear Margaret—which I cannot without candles—to see you, and to tell you, that it is impossible I can forget."—"Bless me! what a memory you have. But you must take another opportunity for your tale! for—" "Alas! I leave England immediately!" "A pleasant voyage to you! there, not a word more; I must run down to coffee." "Now may I never laugh more," I said, "if I am baffled thus;" so I strolled back to the front of the house and proceeded to reconnoitre. A bay-window was half open, and in a small neat drawing-room I perceived a group assembled: an old lady, with a high muslin cap and red ribbons, was pouring out the coffee; her nephew, a tall awkward young gentleman, sitting on one chair, and resting his legs on another, was occupied in the study of Sir Charles Grandison; and my fair Margaret was leaning on a sofa, and laughing immoderately.

"Indeed, miss," said the matron, "you should learn to govern your mirth; people will think you came out of Bedlam." I lifted the window gently, and stepped into the room, "Bedlam, madam!" quoth I, "I bring intelligence from Bedlam, I arrived last week."

The tall awkward young gentleman stared, and the aunt half said, half shrieked, "What in the name of

wonder are you?" "Mad, madam! very particularly mad! mad as a hare in March." "Do you mean to insult us?" said the old lady. "Ay! do you mean to insult my aunt?—really!" said the tall awkward young gentleman. "I shall call in my servants," said the old lady. "I am the humblest of them," said I, bowing. "I shall teach you a different tune," said the tall awkward young gentleman." "Very well, my dear sir; here is my instrument," said I, holding out a snuff-box, bearing a pretty close resemblance to a pocket-pistol. The sight was enough. Vanish the tall awkward young gentleman, and vanish the old lady in the twinkling of an eye. I locked the door, and found Margaret in a paroxysm of laughter. "I wish you had shot him," she said, when she recovered, "I wish you had shot him: he is a sad fool."

"Do not talk of him; I am speaking to you, beautiful Margaret, possibly for the last time! Will you ever think of me?—perhaps you will. But let me receive from you some token that I may depend upon in other years; something that may be a hope to me in my happiness, and a consolation in calamity. Something—nay! I never could talk romance; but give me one lock of your hair, and I will leave England with resignation."

"You have earned it like a true knight," said Margaret; and she severed from her head a long glossy ringlet. "Look," she continued, "you must to horse, the country has risen for your apprehension." I turned towards the window. The country had indeed risen. Nothing was to be seen but gossips in the van, and gossips in the rear, red faces and white jackets, gallants in smockfrocks, and gay damsels in grommets. Bludgeons were waving, and torches were flashing, as far as the gaze could reach. All the chivalry of the place was arming and chafing, and loading for a volley of pebbles and oaths together.

I kneeled down and kissed her hand. It was the happiest moment of my life! "Now," said I, "adieu, my sweet Margaret," and in a moment I was in the lane.

This was my first folly, which is perhaps not unlike the juvenile follies of nine out of every ten persons in this foolish world of ours. Need I say, that I looked at the lock of hair often, but I never saw Margaret again. She has become the wife of a young clergyman, and resides with him on a small living in Staffordshire. I believe she is very happy, and I have forgotten the colour of her eyes."

TRAITS OF RUSSIAN CHARACTER.

[From an interesting work just published, in two volumes, by Richter and Co., London, entitled "St Petersburg, Constantinople, and Napoli di Romania, in 1833 and 1834, by M. Von Tietz," and to which we beg to direct the attention of our readers.]

AMONG other things highly agreeable to a stranger on visiting St Petersburg, wherein so much appears that is unusual, is the spirit of hospitality displayed there, of which in the south there is no conception. One only capital besides that of Russia shows, or rather did once show, a similar disposition—namely, Vienna: but this virtue has fallen away in the Austrian metropolis very considerably of late years. In St Petersburg, and still more conspicuously in Moscow (where all genuine old Russian customs are still retained), hospitality is manifested in all its fulness. Russia is a country that does not stand so much in the traveler's road as Germany and the more southern and western parts of Europe. Hence, compared with most other large cities, those of the great northern empire have but a small influx of visitors; and for this very reason, namely, the rarity of strangers, they are received and entertained with a more cordial welcome.

A single letter of introduction is sufficient for any respectable foreigner to be charged with, in coming to St Petersburg; for it will speedily effect his reception by such a number of families as will enable him to occupy his time pleasantly each day in the week. Should he happen to possess, in addition to respectability, any particular talent—if he plays on the piano-forte, if he has a good voice, or is fond of dancing—he may be sure that his appearance creates satisfaction, and that every thing will be done to render his stay agreeable. The visits which are made in St Petersburg are not such as are made in Germany, or in other parts of Europe, where at precise hours the visitor appears in ceremonious order, with speeches of inquiry after the health of the gracious lord and lady of the house, &c. On the contrary, here the stranger has merely to observe that the master or mistress of the house says to him, "On such or such a day in the week, I receive my friends to dinner; if your time permits, I hope that you will not fail to come." On such an invitation (which is meant to be general in the most friendly sense of the term) one is at liberty to appear, without the danger of being considered, as in Germany and elsewhere, too forward or obtrusive. The dinner hour is usually four o'clock.

A few extra covers are always ready laid, and the embarrassment so often visible in an hostess, when perhaps, accidentally, just as the soup is introduced upon the table, an acquaintance drops in, is never to be observed in a St Petersburg lady.

In Moscow, as I have hinted, the stranger is received even more heartily than at St Petersburg. Rarely does it happen that a traveller, provided with

a letter of introduction to any house, has not apartments offered to him therein; and it is considered an insult not to accept this offer. Hence it arises, no doubt, that there are in both cities—but more particularly in Moscow—so few good public hotels; because, owing to the hospitality of the inhabitants, a numerous class of innkeepers would in a very short space of time be ruined.

It gave me much pleasure, during my sojourn in Russia, to observe the common man in his national peculiarities. What chiefly strikes the stranger is the skill and capacity of the Russian. It is a well-known fact that the bands of regiments are formed of peasants who perhaps never before saw the instrument which in the course of a short time they play with great perfection. The music-master says to the recruit, "you must blow *that* instrument!" and the Russian blows it. The most remarkable instance of this musical capacity is probably afforded by the Russian horn players, who, if we mistake not, are now making the musical tour of England, and consist of about thirty performers. The size of their instruments varies from some inches to some feet, and each player blows one note only. Nevertheless, they execute elaborate musical compositions, which must be considered as almost incredible, considering the intricacy of the pauses of each individual horn. The natural and innate capacity of the people for music and singing may perhaps contribute to produce this effect, for singing is the continued occupation of the Russian. With whatsoever he may be busied he constantly sings, and generally ballads which have a slow time, with mellow notes. But this capacity or skill exhibits itself also in every other respect. An acquaintance of mine had apprenticed several of his vassals to different mechanics and artists in St Petersburg. His saloon was ornamented by one of them who had been about three years with a painter, and the ceiling was so well executed that connoisseurs were perfectly astonished. With how many tools does not the carpenter of other countries go to work, whilst the Russian has at his girdle (*kus-chak*) nothing more than an axe, as sharp as a razor, and with this he does every thing, even the carved ornaments of wooden buildings. If he wants a plumb-line, he fastens a string to his axe, and thereby performs all his operations. When, subsequently, I lodged at the Hotel de Londres in the Palace Square, I have frequently watched for hours the erecting of the booths for the public festivals of the carnival, and could scarcely comprehend how the cheerful singing mechanic executed, with his axe alone, all the varied carvings with which the roof and balcony of the booths were decorated.

I have frequently seen a Russian waterman climb down the granite banks of the Neva, to reach his boat, or to fasten it to the iron ring of the shore. Clinging with the tips of his hands and feet to the almost imperceptible divisions of the morticed squares, the fellow seemed to stick to the stone. Erring, even a finger's width, would have precipitated him into the waves: this, however, he does not fear in the least, but still singing, he thinks matters could not be more convenient for him. He will even take his siesta upon the parapet of the river, which is no more than about foot broad, and here tranquilly reposes in the sunshine, though a single restless motion in his sleep would wake him in a cold bath. But according to his ideas, this is clearly impossible. Should any one warn him of his danger, he replies very tranquilly "neboss!" (*Do not fear!*) and this "neboss" always bears him through.

Upon the raising of the column of Alexander, one of the rollers used in the operation caught the hand of a labourer, and threatened to draw the whole body of the man slowly beneath the terrific weight, which would inevitably have crushed him. A Russian carpenter, standing close by, instantly seized his sharp axe, and calling out "*neboss!*" at one blow struck off the poor creature's arm: he was immediately conveyed to the hospital, where he speedily recovered; and, as well as his resolute amputator, received a life annuity of five hundred roubles.

The Russian is anything but savage: on the contrary, he overflows with kindness. This is most evident from his conduct during inebriation, when, according to the proverb, the truth develops itself. Let a couple of these bearded fellows, who have been copiously sacrificing to Bacchus, be watched along the street: the one is thoroughly drunk, the other about half-seas over; the latter now considers it strictly his duty not to quit his almost motionless companion. They both serpentine along the pavement, occasionally falling, on which occasions the one laboriously recovers his legs by the assistance of the wall of a house, and then goes to assist his companion. They cautiously get out of the way of every one they meet; and the least drunken, from time to time, urges the other to conduct himself properly, and make a genteel salutation, as a person of consequence is approaching. This salutation is always excessively burlesque, and generally terminates in the drunken fellows losing their equilibrium, and again falling down. Indecency or rudeness is never heard. On the contrary, among Russians politeness is customary. Even when a couple of common labourers or coachmen meet, they often civilly take off their hats, and make the most complimentary inquiries, bowing and scraping all the time.

Goodness of heart exhibits itself in the Russian in his mode of treating animals. Let only an unemployed

wanka, or hackney sledge-driver, be observed in the evening, who, in sharing a piece of bread with his beast, consolatorily addresses him:—"Thou must content thyself with a little, my nag! I have myself not much, but willingly share it with thee. My earnings are not great; but winter is still long, and in spring we shall have mustered together a few roubles, and will return to dear home. Thou shalt have as much white oats and green clover as thou wilt. Do not then despair. See yonder comes a gentleman, and he will certainly hire us!" and he now suddenly turns to the stranger, offers him his sledge, and is satisfied with his small earnings.

During my winter journey, I have often amused myself with such a conversation between a driver and his horses. We might then hear, "Fie, fie, old brown one, you ought to be ashamed to be so idle! Look at the gelding, he is smaller than you, and yet runs better. You will soon make me cross, and I shall then be forced to beat you. Blows hurt you, hark! (He then strikes the sledge with the whip, and continues.) So, so, old brown one! that's all right. Now you run well. When we arrive you shall have a good feed! Run! run! I'll sing you an amusing song!" He now commences singing; and it seems actually as if the animals understood him.

COTTAGE-FARMING.

WE have on more than one occasion alluded in pretty strong terms to the advantages which may be derived by the working classes in towns and villages, becoming tenants and culturists of small patches of land as gardens, for raising not only produce useful in domestic consumption, but flowers and plants calculated to elevate their ideas of the beautiful and picturesque. The moral and physical improvement arising out of such a practice is so obvious as to require no comment. Already, in many of the country towns of Scotland, a considerable number of tradesmen householders are renters, if not frequently proprietors, of from half an acre to one or two acres each, in the neighbourhood. For these patches, by keeping a pig, and other means, they are able to furnish manure, and to supply their families with potatoes, and perhaps with fodder for a cow, at a small expense in money, and a cheaply exerted amount of manual labour at spare hours and seasons. In some instances, farmers, with the view of bringing their land into heart for grain crops, permit the inhabitants of the towns to plant potatoes in their fields, the only remuneration required for such a boon being the laying on the fields of a certain quantity of manure, which is freely carted by the farmer from the houses of the persons benefited. So far, these various rural practices are agreeable to reflect upon, and no way injurious to the community. But when they lose their proper character of recreative and secondary engagements, and subside into the nature of small farming, so as to occupy the whole or a large proportion of the time of the cultivators, then they cease to be beneficial either to the public or individuals; and the growth of a poor and over-numerous population will in all likelihood be the consequence. Of late, a system of allotting from six to twelve acres of waste land at from £s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. an acre of annual rent, on leases of twenty-one years, to each tenant, or crofter as he is called, has been practised in some parts of the north of Scotland. By this, the land is said to be greatly improved and enhanced in value, at little or no cost to the proprietors; what is ultimately to become of the redundant population which is thus created, for the immediate benefit of the landlords, we are not informed.

The following views upon these nice points of rural economy have lately appeared, from the pen of an able writer, in the article *AGRICULTURE* in the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and deserve to be widely disseminated. "The possession of land is held by some writers to be so important, with a view to the comforts of the labouring classes, as well as to the increase of the rural population, that they have not been contented with objecting to large farms, but have proceeded to recommend what are called cottage-farms, for country labourers generally. Of this plan we might say at once, that it must be limited every where by the demand for labour; and that, wherever such small allotments are required by the state of agriculture, they will gradually be formed from motives of interest, without the necessity of any higher control. They are at this time common in many parts of Britain; and a different system has been established in other parts, for no other reason than because of its superior advantages to all concerned. Yet, as cottage-farms bear a very plausible appearance in the eye of speculative men, it seems necessary to offer some further remarks on a question which has been so often agitated.

If every labourer had a comfortable cottage and four acres of land at a low rent, as recommended by some of the correspondents of the Board of Agriculture, there is reason to believe that his condition might be much improved for a few years, supposing the demand for labour to continue the same as at present. Even the colonies which this class would every year send forth in quest of new cottages might be supplied for a time; and though the wages of labour would sink very fast, still this premium might enable the labourers to multiply with little interruption for several generations. At last, however, the multiplication of cottage-

* Abridged from Knight's Quarterly Magazine, a London periodical of some years ago.

farms must necessarily stop, and a great proportion of the people, without land and without the means of employment, would either sink into helpless misery, or be driven by despair to the commission of every species of enormity. Such was the state of England at the breaking up of the feudal system, the policy of which also was to increase the number of the people, without regard to the means of their employment; and such, though in a much less degree, is the present state of those parts of the united kingdom in which cottage-farms are the most prevalent.

The whole question, we think, is capable of being most satisfactorily decided by an appeal to the plain mercantile criterion of rent. If a hundred labourers, each of them possessing four acres, can pay a higher rent than one farmer can pay for the whole four hundred, buildings, fences, and repairs being estimated, we can see no reason why they should not be preferred; but if this be not the case, we are greatly at a loss to conceive with what justice landholders can be called upon to submit to sacrifices which no other class of the community is ever expected to make. We might, with just as much reason and justice, require a manufacturer to employ a certain number of hands in proportion to the amount of his capital, however unprofitable to him might be their labour.

In all our best agricultural counties there are two sorts of cottages, occupied by two distinct classes of labourers. Of the first sort are the small agricultural villages, where those mechanics and other labourers reside, who could not find full employment on any one farm. To such men small farms are advantageous, or otherwise, according to the nature and the constancy of their employment—in other words, it is only to persons who pursue some main line of employment, as artizans or labourers, that the allotment and tenancy of small patches of land can prove permanently advantageous.]

The other class of cottagers, to which we have already alluded, are ploughmen, and other servants employed throughout the year on a particular farm. To these men small possessions of land are almost as unsuitable as they would be to a country gentleman's domestics. But a small garden is usually attached to each cottage; and they are often allowed to keep a cow as part of their wages, not upon any particular spot of their own, but along with their masters' cows. Their fuel is carried home by their masters' teams; and a part of his own field, ready dressed, is assigned them for raising potatoes, flax, or other crops, for their families. Thus, with little risk from the seasons or markets, and without any other demand on their time than a few leisure hours will satisfy, these people enjoy all the advantages which the occupancy of land can confer on a labourer. And there is not a more useful, we may also add, a more comfortable, body of men among the industrious classes of society.

To give this class of labourers four acres of land along with every cottage, would be to render them bad servants and worse farmers, and either a nuisance to the person on whose farm they reside, or his abject dependents for employment. The only proper residence for men who do not choose to engage, or are not wanted as constant labourers, is in such central agricultural villages as we have just mentioned, and not on separate farms, where they are excluded from the general market for labour.

But it has been lately suggested, that our poor soils might be cultivated by another description of cottagers, with benefit to the public generally; by the improvement of such lands, and the diminution of the poor rates, as well as with profit to those who advance the necessary capital. As far as there has yet been time to judge, some well-digested and economically executed plans of this kind have been very successful in Holland. The leading points deserving notice in these poor colonies are, the amount of capital sufficient to purchase the land, and to defray the necessary expense of buildings and stock; its division into farms of seven acres; the vigilant superintendence exercised over the colonists, whose operations are almost all performed by manual labour, and much of whose time is employed in collecting manure; their moral and religious instruction; and the surplus produce obtained to replace the original outlay, and afford a permanent clear income or rent in all time coming."

Having in our 208th number given an account of these Home-Colonies in Holland, it would here be needless to say any thing further regarding them. We have only to add, in reference to these and all similar colonizations of paupers, that as yet they have proved serviceable in different respects; but how the undue increase of the population in such establishments is to be provided against, so that the last state of the country may not be worse than the first, has never yet been explained. We hope, however, that this will ere long be done by one or other of those active philanthropists who are acquainted with the practical working, and tendency of the allotment system.

THE FRENCH SLAUGHTER-HOUSES.

THESE excellent establishments are a credit to the metropolis of France. Their number is five: the Abattoir de Montmartre, Pepincourt, or Menilmontant, de Grenelle du Roule, or de Monceux, and de Ville Juif, or d'Ivry. The whole is under the superintendence of the police, and there is a particular court, to which all disputes relative to the slaughter-houses, or abattoirs, are referred. The buildings were planned in

the time of Louis XVI.; but the continual wars in which that prince was engaged prevented their completion. Under the reign of Napoleon, about two-thirds of the work were finished, and the remainder was executed under Louis XVIII. When a butcher wishes to kill his beasts at any of the slaughter-houses, he applies to the court, under whose guidance the abattoirs are, and it grants him a share of an *échafaudoir*, or compartment of the abattoir, an entire one, or more than one, according to the number of animals he usually kills. For these he pays, by the head—for an ox, six francs, or five English shillings; for a calf, two francs, or one shilling and eightpence; and for a sheep, half a franc, or *livre*. The money paid for this liberty is received before the animals enter. They are then placed in a species of stable, of which each butcher has his share. Over these stables are lofts in which the provender of the animals is kept. When the butcher is desirous of killing a beast, he has the convenience of a stable, in which his horse may safely be placed in the interim; and also a room exclusively to himself, in which he takes off his usual garments, and assumes a garb more suited to the work of death. The blood of the animal is carefully caught in a species of drain, and when cold it is taken away and put into tubs for the purpose of being employed in refining sugar. The profits arising from its sale go to the support of the abattoir, and the payment of the inspector, and the servants of the place. The different slaughter-houses are copiously supplied with a stream of water, laid on in the pipes, and thus, except on killing days, no unpleasant scene is exhibited. There are also several melting houses, in which the fat of the abattoir is boiled, and afterwards applied to various purposes. In addition to these conveniences is a house expressly devoted for cleaning the intestines and feet of the dead animals. For these, as well as the tallow, certain persons contract, with a proportional drawback, payable to the government. The days for bringing animals into the slaughter-house are Monday and Thursday, but the latter is the principal day; those for killing are Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. The mode adopted by the French of killing sheep and calves, is, to appearance, less cruel than the English manner. But with an English butcher one blow, or two at most, will suffice to lay an ox senseless, whereas a French butcher gives at least eight or ten blows, and sometimes to the barbarous extent of forty.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

PERUVIAN INTOXICATING PLANT.

IN an excellently written article, in a late number of the Foreign Quarterly Review, noticing Dr Poeppig's Travels in Chili, Peru, &c., (a work not yet translated into English) we find the following account of a remarkable plant, or herb, in extensive use among the Indians of the Andes, for the purpose of producing intoxication and delirious stupor. The plant is called the coca, but notwithstanding the similarity of name, it in no way resembles, or is in any way connected with, the cocoanut-tree. "The coca is a bush from six to eight feet high, somewhat like a blackthorn, which it resembles in its numerous small white blossoms, and the lively bright green of the leaves. These leaves, which are gathered and carefully dried, are an article of brisk trade, and the use of them is as old as the first knowledge of the history of Peru. It is a stimulant, which acts upon the nerves in the same manner as opium. Unhappily, the use of it has degenerated into a vice which seems incurable. The Indians of America, especially those of the Peruvian Andes, notwithstanding the civilisation which surrounds them, have a vague sense of their own incurable deficiency, and hence they are eager to relieve themselves, by violent excitements, from such melancholy feelings. This accounts not only for the use of the coca, but also for the boundless love of spirituous liquors, which possesses scarcely any other people in the world in an equal degree. To the Peruvian, the coca is the source of the highest gratification; for under its influence his usual melancholy leaves him, and his dull imagination presents him with images which he never enjoys in his usual state of mind. If it cannot entirely produce the terrible feeling of over-excitement that opium does, yet it reduces the person who uses it to a similar state, which is doubly dangerous, because, though less in degree, it is of far longer duration. This effect is not perceived until after continued observation; for a new-comer is surprised indeed, at the many disorders to which the men of many classes of the people are subject in Peru, but is very far from ascribing them to the coca. A look at a determined coquero gives the solution of the phenomenon; unfit for all the serious concerns of life, such an one is a slave to his passion, even more than the drunkard, and exposes himself to far greater dangers to gratify his propensity. As the magic power of the herb cannot be entirely felt till the usual concerns of daily life, or the interruptions of social intercourse, cease to employ the mental powers, the genuine coquero retires into solitary darkness or the wilderness, so soon as his longing for this intoxication becomes irresistible. When night, which is doubly awful in the gloomy forest, covers the earth, he remains stretched out under the tree which he has chosen; without the protection of a fire near him, he listens with indifference to the growling of the ounce; and when, amid peals of thunder, the clouds pour down torrents of rain, or the fury of the hurricane uproots the oldest trees, he

regards it not. In two days he generally returns, pale, trembling, his eyes sunk, a fearful picture of unnatural indulgence. He who has once been seized with this passion, and is placed in a situation that favours its development, is a lost man. The author heard in Peru truly deplorable accounts of young men of good families, who, in an accidental visit to the woods, began to use coca to pass away the time, soon acquired a relish for it, and from that moment were lost to the civilized world, and, as if under some malignant spell, refused to return to the towns. We are told how the relations at length discovered the fugitive in some remote Indian village, and, in spite of his tears, dragged him back to his home. But these unhappy persons were as fond of living in the wilderness, as averse to the more orderly mode of life in the towns; for public opinion condemns the white coquero, as it does an incorrigible drunkard among us. They therefore take the earliest opportunity of escaping to the woods, where, degraded, unworthy of the white complexion, the stamp of natural superiority, and become half savages, they fall victims to premature death, through the immoderate use of this intoxicating herb."

DINNER ANECDOTE.—The capabilities of a boiled edgebone of beef may be estimated from what happened to Pope the actor, well known for his devotion to the culinary art. He received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the intended fare—a small turbot and a boiled edgebone of beef. "The very things of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope; "I will come with the greatest pleasure;" and come he did, and eat he did, till he could literally eat no longer; when the word was given, and a haunch of venison was brought in, fit to be made the subject of a new poetical epistle:

"For finer or fatter,

Never rang'd in a forest, nor smok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy."

Poor Pope divined at a glance the nature of the trap that had been laid for him, but he was fairly caught; and after a puny effort at trifling with a slice of beef, he laid down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears, exclaiming, "A friend of twenty years' standing, and to be served in this manner."—*Quarterly Review.*

SIMPLE ORIGIN OF IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES.

GLASS.—It is certain, says Pliny, that the most valuable discoveries have found their origin in the most trivial accidents. As some merchants were carrying nitre, they stopped near a river which issues from Mount Carmel, and not happening to find stones for resting their kettles, they substituted in their place some pieces of the nitre, which the fire gradually dissolving, mixed with the sand, and occasioned a transparent matter to flow, which, in fact, was nothing else but glass.

BARK.—An Indian, in a delirious fever, having been left by his companions by the side of a river, for the purpose of quenching his thirst, conceiving him incurable, drank large and copious draughts of the stream, which, having imbibed the virtues of the bark from the trees which grew upon its margin, soon vanquished the fever, and he returned to his astonished friends perfectly restored. The singularity of the circumstance excited their surprise, and waked their superstition; the indisposed crowded round the holy stream, as they termed it, and experienced its healing effects, without being able to discover the cause from which it was derived. The sages of the tribes, however, found out, at length, in what it consisted, and disclosed the important secret. In the year 1640, the Americans became acquainted with the use of this excellent medicine; and, in 1649, its fame had extended into Spain, Italy, and Rome, through the representation of Cardinal Lugo, and other Jesuits, who had held its surprising and wonderful effects.

TELESCOPES.—It is said that the use of telescopes was first discovered by one Hansen, a spectacle-maker, at Middleburgh, in Holland, whose children playing in the shop, casually placed a convex and concave glass in such a manner, that, by looking through them at the weathercock, they observed it appeared much larger and nearer than usual, and, by their expressions of surprise, excited the attention of their father, who soon obtained great credit for this useful discovery.

COFFEE.—A prior belonging to a monastery in that part of Arabia where this berry grows in the greatest abundance, having observed that the goats which ate it, became extremely brisk and alert, resolved to try the experiment upon his monks, of whom he continually complained for their lethargic propensities. The experiment proved successful, and it is said, that it is owing to this circumstance that the use of this Arabian berry became universal.

STEERING SHIPS.—Heylin, in his Cosmography, tells us that the art of steering was discovered by a man of the name of Typhus, who took his hints for making both the rudder and helm from seeing a kite, in flying, guide her whole body by her tail.

THE PURPLE DYE.—The purple dye was found out at Tyre, by the simple circumstance of a dog seizing the fish conchilis or purpura, by which his lips were observed to be tinged with that beautiful colour.

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Printed by Bradbury and Evans (late T. Davison), Whitefriars.